

Spirit of the Age.

BY E. M. BROWN.

"Freedom of Inquiry and the Power of the People."

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WOODSTOCK, VERMONT, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1848.

Whole Number 411.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BARRETT & CUMMINGS,
COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
No. 20 Court Street,
BOSTON, MASS.
JAMES BARRETT, Commissioner for
the State of Vermont, to be used or
recorded in the State of Vermont. 406 6m
CUMMINGS, 404 11c

LUTHER B. GUERSEN,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 37 Massachusetts Block, Court Square,
BOSTON.

Commissioner for Massachusetts, to administer Oaths,
take Depositions, Affidavits, the Acknowledgment of
Deeds or other Instruments, to be used or re-
corded in the State of Vermont. 406 6m

O. P. CHANDLER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Central Street, 287

SAMUEL H. PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SOLICITOR AND MASTER IN CHANCERY,
WINDSOR, VT. 287

EDWIN HUTCHINSON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
WOODSTOCK, VT. 287

SEWALL FULLAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LUDLOW, VT. 287

H. E. STOUTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Chester, Vt. 287

WARREN C. FRENCH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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S. R. STREETER,
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BARNARD, VT. 287

FREDERICK C. ROBBINS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
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D. F. WEYMOUTH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BETHEL, Vt. 307 11c

J. Q. HAWKINS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Fitchville, Windsor Co., Vt. 397 11c

H. B. WHITE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Room at Palmer & Whitney's Hotel, 416 3m

ALANSON DYER,
LUGATAVERN AND DELIVERY STABLEKEEPER,
ALSO CARRIES ON THE
FURS OF BOOTS AND SHOES;
OF EVERY VARIETY AND STYLE.
East Rutland, Vt. 361

J. T. BURNHAM,
UNION HOTEL,
NORWICH, VT. 316 11c

WHITNEY'S
HOTEL,
Corner of Elm and Central Streets
H. PALMER, and G. F. WHITNEY.

J. H. SIMONDS,
WINDSOR HOUSE,
WINDSOR, VT. 287.

SAMUEL FORD,
CHESTER HOUSE,
KEENE, N. H. 277 11c

J. MORRILL, JR.,
VILLAGE TAVERN,
Central Street, 326

B. F. DICKINSON,
WASHINGTON HALL,
CHELSEA, Vt. 326

JOHN GASS,
AMERICAN HOUSE,
CONCORD, N. H. 316

GEORGE MELLISH,
SALER IN FLOUR, W. I. GOODS, AND GROCERIES,
OPPOSITE WHITNEY'S HOTEL, CENTRAL STREET.

R. H. BAILEY,
Manufacturer of Silver, Gold, and Steel, and Dealer
in Jewellery, Cutlery and Fancy Goods—
Wholesale and Retail,
Opposite Whitney's Hotel, Central Street.

BRYANT & SLADE,
Dealers in English, French, and American Dry Goods,
Crockery Glass and Hardware,
Elm Street, Geo. H. Slade.

S. D. CHURCHILL,
Carriage and House Painter, over Geo. S. Day's
WHEELWRIGHT SHOP, 406 11c.

HENRY HATCH,
One door from Union Hall, Elm Street,
TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET IRON WORKER.

HILL & WITT,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
CENTRAL STREET, 289

MICHAEL MYERS,
TAILOR,
Over Collamer & Barrett's Office,
Elm Street.

GEORGE FISHER,
Manufacturer of and dealer in cabinet furniture of
every description,
Pleasant Street 287

ADIN H. HAMMOND,
TOMSONIAN BOTANICAL PRACTITIONER,
Between the Methodist and Episcopal Churches, 287

L. P. MORTON,
Dealer in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Ready
Made Clothing, Carpets, etc.,
West India Goods, Crockery and Hardware, Iron and
Steel, Paints and Oils, Plaster, Plaster, Chairs,
Feathers, Flows, Nails, Glue, GRAIN and
COUNTRY PRODUCE,
Nos. 5, 6, and 7, TONTINE BUILDING,
Hanover, N. H.

An extensive TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT con-
nected with the above

Just received at Bryant & Slade's a better lot of Sperm
Oil than can be found at any other store in town.
March 1, 1847. 407 11c

MEDICAL NOTICE!
DOCT. S. J. ALLEN
as taken up his residence at White River, Vt., and
would say to the inhabitants, that he will be most happy
to attend to the sick.

MEDICAL OR SURGICAL
AID TO ALL
who may require his professional services. He may be
found at present at Mrs. LYMAN'S.

NOTICE!
THIS subscriber wishes all those that have unsettled
accounts with him to settle the same, as he is about
to leave the place.
Barnard, March 11, 1848. 407 3w

NEW SPRING FASHIONS OF
HATS & CAPS.

Just received a few cases New Styles of Hats and Caps
at the clothing Emporium of
MUNGER & BRYANT.

OTTAWA, VERMONT,
New, Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 2 to 4 P. M.
409 11c

NOTICE!
TOS, 1 & 2 Kite of Market put up expressly for fami-
ly use, for sale at 100 11c

NOTICE!
BRYANT & SLADE'S.

Poetry.

America.

DEDICATED TO J. S. K. POLK, PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES;
BY BARTHELEMY.

Translated from the French for the Boston Daily Times,
BY F. A. DUBVIGNE.

The "Courier des Etats-Unis," which first published it,
thus introduces this remarkable composition:—"We com-
mend the attention of our readers to the following verses
which the poet, Barthélemy, has just addressed to the
American Union, under cover to its President, James K.
Polk. This composition is so remarkable for thought as
expression. It is a magnificent dithyramb on a mag-
nificent subject."

In fifty years Europe will be either Cossack or Repub-
lican.—Words of Napoleon.

No sadder sight demands the falling tear
Than old man whose end is drawing near;
Whose blood still courses feebly through his veins,
The spirit vanished, though the form remains.

By turns awakened, or by sleep subdued,
He leaves his chair, he speaks, he takes his food,
Still worthy of our pity, though he is gone,
And instinct guides his earthly frame alone.

And such to these nations now appear
Which but a semblance of existence wear,
While from their aged frames life glides away;
Such Europe, the condition is to-day.

Still to thy bending bow the life-blood flows,
Still the Colossus, striving with his woes,
Sometimes attempts a step with tottering feet,
And gropes along the old and beaten street;

Then suddenly, his muscles giving way,
Falls, and in dreaming slumber sinks his day.
Thy brow by passing shadows overcast,
Thy accents murmur words of ages past,

Illustrious names, by deeds illustrious won,
Charlemagne, Cesar and Napoleon
And Cromwell, glory's uncorrupted son.
Sometimes a smile upon thy pallid face

Of darker shadows takes the yielded place—
Half smothered words—the People—Liberty—
The Future—flatter on thy lips—then die,
Then thy huge arms about thee wildly fling.

Thy brow with pallid agony is wrung—
While every sign a horror shadows forth,
Thine eyes are wildly fixed upon the north.

Comes not that fatal crisis, fraught with awe,
The Prophet Emperor in his visions saw,
When on his rocky death-bed far away,
The mist was banished by a brighter day?

And he beheld, that hour beholding all,
Europe unfranchised, or the Cossack's thrall!
The Cossack's thrall! Shall Europe steep in low,
And kneel to Moscow for the brand or blow?

Shall Greece, where Art and Letters had their birth,
Whose light irradiated all the earth,
Shall Rome, the victor and law giver too,
Shall Spain, who to the old world gave the New,

Shall Portugal, so great from battles won,
Who round the stormy cape pursued the sun,
Shall France, with fourteen centuries to show,
Proud nations all, in yoke be chained below?

Be like dumb cattle to the slaughter driven,
While by the Mogul's lance their hearts are riven?
Why not? Eternity is not their own—
Their very dwelling place is a loan—
Sooner or later must the sentence fall—
Invasion ends the history of all.

Those tribes have borne their brands & chains
Through Europe's history, and still remain,
The enemy of all beneath the sun:
Though nations have been crushed like grains of sand.

Rejected from the seive by Heaven's own hand,
The hammer breaks not by the labor done—
Such was the Cambrian—such the Teuton—Hun,
Such would their offspring be—the demon reigns

That freed of Attila the glorious veins,
Whispered to Catherine's soul of glorious wars,
And lives, the counsellor of all the czars
Vainly they seek to hide their minds from ours,
Their secret thought incessantly devout—
Their throne established on the Bosphorus,

Seeking unbounded sway and chains for us,
To such wild dreams the Russian mind gives birth,
Such is the menace to the trembling earth.

Such is the fate Imperial Russia deigns
To offer Europe—will she welcome chains?
Will she, unfranchised, unarmured, wait
The hour the seer predicted and the fate?

Will she, a double heretofore,
Saw in the stars a double heretofore,
Safety and danger standing side by side—
An ark of refuge from the overwhelming tide?

The democratic ark, its portals spread,
A shelter from the tempest overhead,
Europe will build that ark to brave the sea—
(Of round materials must the structure be.)

But weak the hour, the weak the meeting steel,
And toiling on, still must she pause and ask
Advice of masters who author her task—
Of every king who lives in hate and dread
With less gouty than his royal head.

Poor Europe! she is old and worn and weak,
Her limbs no sign of former strength bespeak;
Those arms once stalwart, slow no vigor now,
And for existence strike a languid blow.

Still doubt it not, the ark will be complete,
Monarchs shall kneel before their subject's feet;
From Nova to the Tiber and the sea,
Kings shall be banished and the nations free.

These days shall come; but in that happy hour
Europe will never hold the scale of Power,
That scale, which holds the fate of all our kind,
However brave, however bright her mind,

Or be the centre of this mighty world
When thrones and sceptres are to ruin hurled.
This centre is constantly changing place—
Asia once held it, 'ere was born our race—
From land to land forever doomed to stray,
Who can predict its resting place to-day?

Each time the surface of the earth expands,
The central point is changed to other lands.
Since English gales have opened to the world
The far Cathay, so long in darkness veiled

Feeling of new desires and hopes the birth
China may join the nations of the earth,
And far Oceana, with borrowed robe,
Seek for her place upon the busy globe;

Then farther must the social pivot be,
Not in the land of worn antiquity.

Far in a western land there lies his home,
Beyond the dark Atlantic's roar and foam,
Where day by day a nation sees their star
Rise to the zenith, bright in peace and war,

Strong in the powers which led their numbers on,
The names of Franklin and of Washington.
These men are warriors, sailors, men of toil,
Hold land and sea in mastery complete,

And build a city as we build a street;
Their instruction, arts, manners, laws,
From savage nature, pleading still her cause;
Toiling by labor deserts to reclaim,

Earth's pioneers, and worthy of the name;
Their strength united makes the general sway,
And each one forms the law which all obey;
All are the nation's sons who seek to be;

And when they choose a ruler for the free,
They take that master from the general throng,
And say, "thy reign shall be as four years long."
Such simple forms are all that consecrate
The chosen chief and ruler of the State.

And he, the people's sovereign, white or
He be, or merchant, planter, to the chair
Raised, Polk, as that art, by the people's voice,
The people's candidate, the people's choice,

Of real royalty would feel no more
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The chosen chief and ruler of the State.

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Miscellaneous.

From the Columbian Magazine for March.

Jottings of a Heart.

BY MRS. C. L. H. NICHOLS.

"A word, a glance, will sometimes touch the
hidden spring, which being once opened, will
flow on forever."

Spare us the life of incident, gentle reader, and
we will read you the life of feeling; we will pass
before you a soul in its progress to maturity form-
ing its tastes and habits of thought an action un-
der the powerful direction of a single first impres-
sion. We read you the lesson in the hope that
it may impress you, as it has us, with the impor-
tance of the child of things which the occupied
mind of the actors in life's busy scenes pass over
and forget as trifles.

The woman looks back upon the child; the
fledged and soaring spirit contemplates its moult-
ing time, and oh! how fearful a thing it seems to
have been a little child—as clay in the hands of
the potter, unconscious of its future necessities,
careless of its present resources, the uncalculating
recipient of impressions that give hue to the long
future of an endless existence, and influences for-
ever to coerce the voluntary exercise of the nat-
ured and responsible intellect.

And yet more fearful is it to be a mother, care-
lessly wielding influences that will affix to the in-
ner life of her child the seal of darkness and ex-
piration, or, inviting through the angels of love and
eternal win to the glad companionship with its
own soul, there to call order and purpose out of
chaos—there to store precious treasure—there to
mine the wealth of immortality and wreaths fade-
less coronals for the altars of social and domestic
love. But alas! how few wisely learn from early
experiences the power of a single first impres-
sion, and occasion a lesson to accomplish all this! Only the
sons and daughters who have learned to bless
their influence amid the beautiful presences of their
souls, or to fear and turn from their image in the
biterness and darkness of ill-regulated passions
and ill-directed aspirations—only those who have
borne themselves company from the tiny springs
to the full fountains of mature life can estimate the
responsibility of the mother for the future charac-
ter and happiness of her child.

But come with me, reader, who lovest to turn
the page of character and note its progress from
the child's "straight marks," to the full, breathing
characters of developed hope and feeling—come,
and you shall behold the veritable baptism of the
infant soul into the light and liberty of a life of
high endeavor—you shall see the heart where fash-
ion, pleasure and self might have held high festi-
val, opened and dedicated to the occupancy of
the highest and truest—shall Europe steep in low,
And kneel to Moscow for the brand or blow?

Shall Greece, where Art and Letters had their birth,
Whose light irradiated all the earth,
Shall Rome, the victor and law giver too,
Shall Spain, who to the old world gave the New,

Shall Portugal, so great from battles won,
Who round the stormy cape pursued the sun,
Shall France, with fourteen centuries to show,
Proud nations all, in yoke be chained below?

Be like dumb cattle to the slaughter driven,
While by the Mogul's lance their hearts are riven?
Why not? Eternity is not their own—
Their very dwelling place is a loan—
Sooner or later must the sentence fall—
Invasion ends the history of all.

Those tribes have borne their brands & chains
Through Europe's history, and still remain,
The enemy of all beneath the sun:
Though nations have been crushed like grains of sand.

Rejected from the seive by Heaven's own hand,
The hammer breaks not by the labor done—
Such was the Cambrian—such the Teuton—Hun,
Such would their offspring be—the demon reigns

That freed of Attila the glorious veins,
Whispered to Catherine's soul of glorious wars,
And lives, the counsellor of all the czars
Vainly they seek to hide their minds from ours,
Their secret thought incessantly devout—
Their throne established on the Bosphorus,

Seeking unbounded sway and chains for us,
To such wild dreams the Russian mind gives birth,
Such is the menace to the trembling earth.

Such is the fate Imperial Russia deigns
To offer Europe—will she welcome chains?
Will she, unfranchised, unarmured, wait
The hour the seer predicted and the fate?

Will she, a double heretofore,
Saw in the stars a double heretofore,
Safety and danger standing side by side—
An ark of refuge from the overwhelming tide?

The democratic ark, its portals spread,
A shelter from the tempest overhead,
Europe will build that ark to brave the sea—
(Of round materials must the structure be.)

But weak the hour, the weak the meeting steel,
And toiling on, still must she pause and ask
Advice of masters who author her task—
Of every king who lives in hate and dread
With less gouty than his royal head.

Poor Europe! she is old and worn and weak,
Her limbs no sign of former strength bespeak;
Those arms once stalwart, slow no vigor now,
And for existence strike a languid blow.

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Monarchs shall kneel before their subject's feet;
From Nova to the Tiber and the sea,
Kings shall be banished and the nations free.

These days shall come; but in that happy hour
Europe will never hold the scale of Power,
That scale, which holds the fate of all our kind,
However brave, however bright her mind,

Or be the centre of this mighty world
When thrones and sceptres are to ruin hurled.
This centre is constantly changing place—
Asia once held it, 'ere was born our race—
From land to land forever doomed to stray,
Who can predict its resting place to-day?

Each time the surface of the earth expands,
The central point is changed to other lands.
Since English gales have opened to the world
The far Cathay, so long in darkness veiled

Feeling of new desires and hopes the birth
China may join the nations of the earth,
And far Oceana, with borrowed robe,
Seek for her place upon the busy globe;

Then farther must the social pivot be,
Not in the land of worn antiquity.

Far in a western land there lies his home,
Beyond the dark Atlantic's roar and foam,
Where day by day a nation sees their star
Rise to the zenith, bright in peace and war,

Strong in the powers which led their numbers on,
The names of Franklin and of Washington.
These men are warriors, sailors, men of toil,
Hold land and sea in mastery complete,

And build a city as we build a street;
Their instruction, arts, manners, laws,
From savage nature, pleading still her cause;
Toiling by labor deserts to reclaim,

Earth's pioneers, and worthy of the name;
Their strength united makes the general sway,
And each one forms the law which all obey;
All are the nation's sons who seek to be;

And when they choose a ruler for the free,
They take that master from the general throng,
And say, "thy reign shall be as four years long."
Such simple forms are all that consecrate
The chosen chief and ruler of the State.

And he, the people's sovereign, white or
He be, or merchant, planter, to the chair
Raised, Polk, as that art, by the people's voice,
The people's candidate, the people's choice,

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